

CROW ECHO

Bury at sea those who live upon the land
And send to a sepulchre of silt the souls
Who among the wind and the waves go walking,
Talking taken tongues and teaching their tokens
Of distant dwellings, though some are deserted,
Unknowing that they may never know.
Their footsteps fall and fallen thousands
Vanish, caught in violent glory, vain-
-glory.

The Siren calls to sea,
Heroes growing hoary,
Far-away fighting free
From our allegory.

Yet even in Yesterday's years of youthful
Spirit, singing songs, seeking solitary
Contemplation could encourage them.
Their battles bred the bedrock of our being,
And it was tales by time imparted
That our own romances found their origin.
Courage for our friends. Courage for the fearful.
Courage for the curtain drawing, twilight
crawling,
Iron wardens rusted,
Friends and foes are falling.
Time is entrusted that
Echo crows are calling.

Zak Barouh